



THE GLENER



SPRING ISSUE
May, 1943

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THE GLEANER

A publication arranged and edited by the students of
THE NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL
FARM SCHOOL, PA.



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J. SPRACHNER '45

..... Editorial

Together with Spring we salute the arrival of our new President, Dr. Louis Nusbaum. The Gleaner Staff and the entire student body extend their warmest welcome to the new President. Despite the difficulties created by the war, we hope that his efforts will result in ever-greater values for Farm School and the community.

On the few occasions the students have had opportunity to observe Dr. Nusbaum, they were impressed by his cordial spirit and believe they will have in him a genuine friend.

May we at the same time welcome heartily the new Freshman Class of 1946. They enter Farm School at a time when they have an unusual opportunity to serve their country. At a time when more and more food is being demanded of every farmer, the Freshmen can do their part by working honestly to make our fields, our livestock, our greenhouses, give greater and greater yields.

We wish them good luck.

May the whirl of tractors soon replace the roar of bombers.

May the reward of their efforts be a quick and decisive peace.



.....President's Message.....

TO THE STUDENTS OF THE NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL:

I am looking forward with great pleasure to the assumption of the office of President of The National Farm School. For many years, I have been associated with the school as a member of the Board of Trustees. Students of the school, through all these years, including those who now constitute the Alumni, have known of my intense interest in the institution and in the principles for which it stands.

The success of a school like The National Farm School cannot depend on any one person. There must be unity of interest, unity of purpose, sympathetic understanding, and complete co-operation of all concerned in the daily working of its affairs.

One does not make promises or predictions in going into an important office. But, if we all pull together in a spirit of friendliness and helpfulness, and in an enlightened understanding of each other's part in the program, The National Farm School should become one of the country's most important agencies in helping to solve our wartime problems, and should be outstanding in taking its share of responsibility in the post-war period.





DR. LOUIS NUSBAUM
OUR NEW PRESIDENT TO WHOM
THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED

WELCOME, FRESHMEN!

DEAR X:

Last Saturday you asked me what Farm School was like; you wanted to know what kind of queer place it is. To answer that is not at all a simple matter. In my Freshman year I could have told you everything about it, but now as I enter my Senior year, I am at a loss for words.

It has all been a pleasant dream. I, who had had practically no concept of agriculture, suddenly was thrown into the depths of its abounding beauties. The thrill of getting up before sunrise and working with nature is absolutely inconceivable to the city dweller.

Taking care of our incubator a month ago, I remember seeing the first baby chick "pip" out of its shell on the nineteenth day of incubation.

I remember going down to my maternity barn detail one morning and seeing for the first time a calf being born.

Only today, while I was feeding grain in one of our poultry pens, I noticed a hen that seemed sick. I picked her up and noticed that she was near death. I started to stroke her neck, and she gave her last death flutter and remained limp in my arms. Though I had killed many chickens for our kitchen in absolute non-concern, I could not stop the tear that was rolling down my cheek.

This School gives us an education dealing with life itself. It is no wonder that we all feel deeply attached to it.

As ever your friend,

"Y"

* * * * *

In welcoming you to Farm School, may I call your attention to the above note, written recently by one of our Seniors to a friend.

He tells in words more eloquent than I could write, the values you may derive from Farm School, if you give it but half a chance.

True it is that you must get up very early in the morning; true it is that you cannot go home every week-end; true you may sometimes work late to bring in the hay before the rain comes.

You will perform such services regularly and faithfully because you will realize they are not reposed on you willfully or to exercise mere authority, but because they must be done; because you will be dealing with living vital things, with "life itself," as your fellow student writes in his letter.

Not only will you work daily with living, vital things, but with life sustaining things.

When you come to Farm School, you will enter upon a life of serious responsibility, responsibility to the animals and crops you raise, and responsibility to mankind for part of its food supply.

We greet you cordially, and welcome you heartily, as you join with us in learning the sublime wisdom of Mother Earth.

SAMUEL J. GURBARG,
Director of Student Relations



SPRING'S ALOOSE

Spring smiles again at hopeful eyes
With trees and flowers abloomng,
With crazy hats and colorful ties
And playful lovebirds awooning.

Spring whispers 'gain into open ears
The song of life creative,
With the powerful humming of a busy John Deere
And the nightingale's tune on a May eve.

Spring strokes gently the wings of our nose
With scents of rich soil and first blossoms,
Of maples and birches and the glamorous rose
To bathe and rejoice in your bosom.

Spring descends softly on longing lips,
With a tender kiss lightening a flame.
In the passionate hearts of two beings in love,
Spring is born and aloose once again.

—YAK



Plastic Steel

Another pat on the back for agriculture. A new plastic compound made from vegetable fibres and resins of Southern Pine Trees is now replacing steel.

Resin treated fibers are turned out in sheets in paper-making machinery. These sheets are hydraulically pressed together into a hard, dense, stiff, but not brittle plastic, which can be used for piping, wall panels, air conditioning ducts, etc.

Dr. H. B. Allen Leaves School

Dr. Allen left Farm School to resume his work with The Near East Foundation. After serving the School as President since April, 1939, Dr. Allen returns to his first love, a survey of the educational resources in Persia.

On several occasions Dr. and Mrs. Allen described to us some of his experiences in the Near East, which, to say the least, were very exciting and interesting.

We understand that a book by Dr. Allen about those experiences is soon to be published. People interested in the valuable work of the Near East Foundation will undoubtedly gain excellent insight into its activities by way of that volume. May it have much success.

During Dr. Allen's short stay at Farm School the attendance rose and fell sharply. When he arrived one of the largest Farm School classes entered at the same time. Then came the class of 1943, much smaller, but not as reduced in numbers as the class of 1944. Small enough at the beginning, the ravages of war have reduced it to almost a minus quantity. The class of 1946 that entered in April is much larger than the preceding class.

The declaration of war undoubtedly affected the progress of the School in spite of Dr. Allen's efforts to raise its standards.

The effort to get further recognition from the State Colleges of Agriculture was delayed. Our expanding farm machinery program was hindered, and other steps for promotion of the School could not be undertaken.

We shall remember, with pleasure, the hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Allen, and wish them unbounded success in their new undertaking.



Butter-oil

A form of butter has now been perfected which can remain in perfect condition without refrigeration for an indefinite length of time. All the water and oxygen from ordinary creamery butter is driven off resulting in a butter-oil which can be used directly from the container or mixed with salt, table butter, and one percent dry skim milk. Its importance, now, is that it can be shipped in twenty per cent less space than creamery butter.

Bees

Bees can produce 150 pounds of honey from an acre of buckwheat, but it takes a great many bees to accomplish this feat. In fact, the combined lifetime output of 1,000 bees is required to produce one pound of honey.

Milk

If a man would drink one quart of milk each day, it would take eighty years to drink one year's production of the country's better cows.

PASSOVER

BY T. GOLDOFTAS

Once every year the Jews celebrate Passover. This Holiday is well known to all people, but it seems to me that I should refresh certain meanings this celebration has, which many people forget.

Passover has with time, lost its purely religious meaning to become more or less a Jewish national holiday, symbol of the time the Jews recovered their freedom from the Egyptians.

Many legends are connected with this festivity, and many explanations are given for the reasons why the Jews eat only "Matzoth" and no bread.

The story of the crossing of the Red Sea is also familiar to everyone. But let us forget for a moment the story of the holiday itself, and let us think what meaning this holiday has for the Jews.

At present the world is engaged in a gigantic battle, a battle very costly in human lives; a battle where the killed are counted no more by thousands or tens of thousands, but by millions; a battle in which more human beings are being slaughtered and sacrificed than ever before in the history of the world; a battle upon which depends the possibility of life on earth: a battle for Freedom.

Passover was the Jewish battle for Freedom. The Jews, as well as

all other people, had the right to be free, to live their own lives, not to be forced to slave for another nation. The climax to that desire for liberty came when Moses, appointed by God to negotiate with Pharaoh, asked him to release the Jews from Egypt. The legendary ten plagues finally overcame his resistance and brought about the departure of the Jews from Egypt to their promised land, a land to which they belonged; their own country. The Egyptians paid dearly in lives and goods for trying to stop them. They had to be punished and they were.

The storm which ravages the world at present will come to the same end: the punishment of the guilty. Soon, perhaps, the whole world will celebrate a Passover or another holiday to commemorate the recovery of freedom—that vital need without which life is worthless.

Passover is over now. Over with all its legends, customs, habits and rites. Millions of souls have asked for Peace, a quick Peace, the return of their children to their homes; the return of the farmer to his plow; the miner to the mine; the return of mankind to its daily labor.

May this day come soon, and may peace and good will rule the earth again.

"Abraham Lincoln," wrote a freshman, "was born in a log cabin which he built with his own hands."

SPORTS

BY D. W. GOODMAN

Winter Activities

Sports around Farm School have taken a rather strange twist this past winter. During past seasons the favorite indoor sport was bridge, and the favorite outdoor sport was getting indoors as quickly as possible. This year the "prospective Hicks" went all out for exercise.

I think horseback riding was the first innovation. Fellows have been riding at school for years, but it was not until last Fall that it became such a popular sport. Some of the animals owned by the boys were really nice looking, but some of the "Nags," well?

January brought snow and skis. I think that one of the pleasanter things that the Seniors of the class of '43 will remember is that Thursday morning when Jerry had his horse out pulling the fellows on skis all around the campus. For those who are not familiar with the sport, skiing has one major advantage over ice skating: you do not always land on the same spot when you fall.

Harry Gransback, strangely enough, was our next sports promoter, the sport being boxing. For a little while, if the smaller eyes and red noses mean anything, it looked as if boxing was going to be the favorite of the Farmers. However, boxing seems to have died as suddenly as it was born. Why? I do not know. Maybe some of the boys played too rough?



Our Basketball Season

	N.F.S. Opponents	
National Farm School—Malvern Prep	25	24
National Farm School—Pa. School for the Deaf	45	20
National Farm School—Temple High	46	37
National Farm School—Dobbins Vocational	23	28
National Farm School—Quakertown	59	27
National Farm School—Regional High	57	19
National Farm School—Malvern Prep	25	27
National Farm School—Ocean City Coast Guard	42	16
National Farm School—Bok Vocational	39	34
National Farm School—Valley Forge Military Academy	18	23
National Farm School—Pa. School for the Deaf	27	30
National Farm School—St. Katherine High	49	19

The basketball team did very well this past season. The quintet won eight of twelve games played. The team suffered no defeat on its own floor.

Although every man played his best, something was wrong with the team. As the scores show the team played good ball, but the players did not look like a "team." Individually the players for the most part were pretty good. But individualism in sports is not encouraged at N.F.S.

Baseball Outlook

Spring is just around the corner and with it comes baseball. Very few veterans remain on our campus, but Coach Samuels feels certain that we will have a good team in spite of all the hindrances brought on by the war.

Post Script (for the Freshmen)

If you Freshmen will think back to your first day at Farm School, you will remember that the first questions you were asked by the upper-classmen were: "What sports do you play? Can you write? Can you play an instrument?"

Some of you may be active in every one of these fields. However, every one of you can participate in at least one extra curricular activity. The major sports here at School are Baseball, Football and Basketball. We have in addition inter-class competitions between Juniors and "Mutts."

In Summer you have more diversified sports. You can go swimming in a nearby creek. We have a tennis court which is open to everyone, and you are always free to play some soft ball if you like. If wrestling or boxing are your hobbies, you can develop them here at School.

You came to Farm School to learn farming, but you also came here to learn to be a man. Sports build character as well as muscles. Both are essential to you to become good farmers.



The Strange Case of the Mysterious Intruder or It Could Happen to Any Farm School Student

BY ALVIN DANENBERG

Those of you fortunate enough never to have dealt with "it" may be unable to fully understand what I felt that night. You do not realize with what cold cunning he operates nor the extent of his ruthlessness.

It was late in the evening of the 3rd of January in the year of our Lord 1943, I believe, when even the corridors of Ulman Hall had ceased to echo.

I had approached my room at the top of the third floor landing and turned to enter when a sight met my eyes which made me grasp the handle of my door for support. Something which looked as if it had stepped out of "Fantastic Stories" was moving at the other end of the hall.

There was a light burning at my end of the hall and as it came nearer, I was in a better position to distinguish its features. I could make out its height to be about 5' 8", built powerfully, with strong legs. It slinked from room to room noiselessly and bent over in a crouch as if it were tired after a long night of blood-thirsty labor. Its face, it comes back to me now, looked as if it had come back from the dead with the flesh and skin half petrified and barely hanging to the skeleton. From time to time the creature looked at something upon its wrist which glittered and shone in the half light of the small

bulb, and which I guessed was a wristwatch.

When, after some minutes, which seemed like years, had gone by and I finally recovered enough to use my faculties once more, I crouched behind the waste can near the door of my room so that I could not be seen by it. It disappeared for a minute in one room then out it came and moved swiftly, like an evil spirit, to the door of the next. As it paused to stare at the door, I could make out an evil smile upon its inhuman features.

Once, when it glanced down the hall, it looked right into my face, apparently without noticing my presence, thank God.

Many thoughts passed through my mind at this moment. Should I make known my presence in the hope of scaring it away? My mind was decided in the negative when I thought of all the wonderful things of which I was yet to taste before leaving this sphere. In other words, I was afraid to let out a yell. Should I go into my room and



wake my room-mate? Perhaps . . . here it comes, my way, steadily approaching, with soft measured tread, softly, steadily, as fate itself comes, with MURDER in its warped mind!!! I dashed into my room and hid behind the bureau.

The door opened. The creature felt its way closer, stumbled to the bedside. "Room-mate," as if troubled by a premonition of what was about to befall him, began to twist and turn. At this moment, the alarm clock rang. The thing jumped back as if shot. Room-mate's arms flew out to the clock, and the alarm was shut off. If poor Room-mate only knew what horrible fate was about to be his, he would never have been able to turn over and go back to sleep.

Once more the room was veiled

in a deep quiet. "It" had a peculiar expression of intense interest upon its face as it stood over Room-mate, in the rays of the moon, the whole thing seeming like a play I had seen upon the stage many year before. My lungs seemed to burst, I had held my breath so long. My blood froze!! For there, within two feet of where I was crouching, the cold, bony hands advanced slowly toward Room-mate's throat! Nearer and nearer they came, until I could feel their grip upon my throat also! With one great heave, all the covers were drawn off the bed and its raspy voice cried, "Get up, you scime, it's time for Dairy Details!!!"

Dear reader, many times since have I, myself, heard this cry, and not in my dreams, either.



General Sherman

General Sherman has multiplied his weight over 472 BILLION TIMES!

General Sherman, the largest and oldest living tree in the world, is of the Giant Sequoia species of which none has ever died of old age. It is 300 feet tall, 100 feet in circumference and approximately 5,000 years old. Its largest branch is 130 feet above the ground and nearly nine feet in diameter. Older than the oldest pyramid, this mighty tower of life, which weighed .0000104 pounds as a seed, tips the scales at 2,000 TONS, plus.

Three Stages of Womanhood

BY S. A. ROSE, '06

At fifteen, like an opening bud.

The maiden fair is seen;
She'd like the public to believe,
That she is full eighteen.

And when at thirty years of age,

Her course has nigh been run;
She wants all folks to understand,
That she is but twenty-one.

And when the time has rolled
away,

And her girlhood friends are
names,
She has but seen just ninety years.
But a century she claims.

SAMUEL H. MEISLER

BY D. W. GOODMAN

Mr. S. Meisler, our eminent poultry instructor, has been responsible for making our poultry department very successful. It is interesting to note how closely Mr. Meisler's agricultural background parallels our own.

Mr. Meisler was born and raised in Jersey City. He had his first experience in farming on his dad's 150-acre farm in Ulster County, N. Y., where he spent his summer vacations.

As graduation from High School drew closer, our poultry instructor was still uncertain of his chosen career. By taking an aptitude test, he found out that he should be either an aviator or a farmer. Not having the temperament for the air, he chose agriculture, which he had liked since boyhood.

In 1931, he entered Rutgers University where he began as a major in Soil Science. He soon changed to Poultry and graduated as a major in that field.

Upon graduation from College, Mr. Meisler decided to acquire practical experience and went out to work on different jobs. He received a job in a modern poultry plant where he was "free-lance man." He did all the unpleasant jobs we sometimes have to do and which we seem to find so hard. He then took another job and worked

with the A. A. A. (Agricultural Adjustment Administration) as a slaughter house inspector. Looking for more diversified experience, Mr. Meisler acquired a new position on a poultry-horticulture farm, 150 layers, forty acres of vegetables. His salary amounted to \$15.00 a month, which was good wages at the time.

Mr. Meisler's ambition was not confined to that activity. He wrote a thesis on the subject: "Variations of egg color due to Heredity," and received his Master's Degree. His favorite subject was breeding. Before coming to Farm School, he worked for the Fish Oil Manufacturing plant where he conducted experiments on vitamin A and D requirement of chickens and turkeys, and their relationship to egg quality.

Since he came to The National Farm School, Mr. Meisler improved many things in the Poultry Department. All the students and the members of the Faculty are aware of the fact that the department is in excellent shape and despite war conditions, everything in poultry is in excellent working order.

We appreciate Mr. Meisler's efforts to be so useful to the School and the student body.

ED. NOTE: This is the second of a series of biographies dealing with The National Farm School Faculty. Much thanks is due to the members of the Faculty for their kind cooperation in making this possible.

DID YOU KNOW:

That in 1905 the stock on hand was: 10 horses, 2 mules, 25 cows, 1 bull, 17 heifers, 6 hogs, 15 sheep, 250 chickens and 30 ducks.

* * *

That The N. F. S. used to grow eight acres of tomatoes in 1905.

* * * .

That the shed where our wheat is stored now was built with lumber from our own forests in 1908. That the first Greenhouse was erected in 1908.

* * *

That 110 acres were acquired by the School under the name of No. 4 Farm in 1917.

* * *

That Abraham Krotoshinsky,, the hero who saved "The Lost Battalion" in the Argonne Forest during the last World War, was a student at N. F. S. in 1919.

* * *

That the original plan of the Library shows a pool in front of it. It was later omitted. This plan was drawn in 1924.

* * *

That following a plan presented in 1923, Ulman Hall was erected in 1925.

* * *

That in 1925 Mr. Samuels became Instructor in charge of Athletics and Social Activities.

HAVOC

BY STAN SCHWARTZ

There came a mighty wind
And the dead leaves rustled;
While great waves battled
Discordant trumpets dinned.
Or perhaps it was the shutters
Roused with angry, painful
mutterers.

But I heard the marching boots
Or, if you please
The creaking of the trees
Angry, wild, straining at their
roots;
And I heard the pounding guns
And whining shells
That sang death knells
For countless unlucky ones;
Or, was it the screaming crash
Of broken limbs
Maimed by the whims?
That led the wind to kill and
smash?

And then it came — PEACE
The church bells psalmed,
The shutters calmed,
And the wind was stilled.
Yes, the wind has gone again,
But it leaves us breath
To plant new trees
Or to grow new men.



CONGRATULATIONS

The student body extends
congratulations to Mr. and
Mrs. H. Rothman upon the
birth of their baby girl,
Elna.

OF PIPES AND MEN

BY HAROLD SCHNEIDMAN

History records the introduction of tobacco to the civilized world through the Indian's Peace Pipe.

Since then man has turned to his pipe for another type of peace, relaxation from worldly care.

When smoking first became popular in Europe, nobles held tobacco parties where the great lords and ladies came to smoke their clay pipes according to very elaborate rules of etiquette.

It is said that a perfectly colored Meerschaum is unattainable because a pipe must never be left to cool while being broken in. One enthusiast back in 1850 arranged to have a detachment of guardsmen smoke his Meerschaum in an endless chain. For seven months, swaddled in flannel, the pipe never cooled. Unwrapped at last, it was declared perfect by the connoisseurs. But the owner's ardor was somewhat cooled by the tobacco bill: nearly \$500 gone up in smoke.

Certain native tribes of Brazil smoke pipes with bowls so large as to hold whole handfuls of tobacco.

The briar root was accidentally discovered as ideal for pipe bowls by a French pipe-maker who broke his Meerschaum while on a pilgrimage to the birthplace of Napoleon. A substitute pipe, made of briar root by a local wood-carver, inspired the Frenchman to introduce this now famous root to the world of smokers.

The great composer, Johann Sebastian Bach, was so ardent a pipe smoker that he wrote a song in its praise, "Die Tobaksfeife," or "The Tobacco Pipe."



Determination

Determination, needed both in school and in life for success, is an essential quality of character. It is this will to succeed which prompts even the most brilliant person to make a success of his life. The world's greatest accomplishments were achieved by this attitude of mind, or the will to do.

Therefore, this quality is one that should be made part of us, especially in these trying times. We

must say to ourselves what a great philosopher once said: "Determination to do a task is half the task." If a task is worthwhile, it is worthy of effort.

Each one of us must cultivate an attitude of persistence and endeavor to gain determination. We must change from "dreamers" to "doers." In this way, with determination leading us up the ladder of success, we cannot help but achieve our goal.

—Scrippage

AGRICULTURE

BY RALPH and PINKY

Mr. Gurbarg: "How are your marks?"

Scharf: "Under water."

Mr. Gurbarg: "Under water? What do you mean?"

Scharf: "Oh, they're below 'C' level."

* * *

Mr. Rothman: "Next season we have to plant 135 acres of straw."

Brown: "How can you plant straw?"

* * *

FOOLOSOPHY: They say love is like a film; it has to be developed in the dark.

* * *

Those girdle manufacturers must live off the fat of the land.

* * *

Men of Farm School are alike in many disrespects.

* * *

Usually a horse does not care whether his meals are á la carte, or table d'oats, just as long as he gets his hay á la mowed.



Mr. Schneider: "How do bees dispose of their honey?"

Joe Weis: "I believe they cell it."

* * *

Mrs. Maines says: "Although I find Farm School boys poor mathematicians they are all good bookkeepers."

* * *

Advertisement: "For sale. Dairy business, fine herd, large silo; owner has been in it for fifteen years."

* * *

Goldpaint: "I've brought these flowers."

Edith: "How lovely and fresh they are. I believe there is some dew on them yet."

Goldpaint: "Yes, a little, but I'm gonna pay up tomorrow."

* * *

Cal: "Well, how did you find that steak?"

Gurry: "Why, I just moved the potato aside and there it was."

* * *

She: "Will you never stop loving me?"

Shade: "Well, I've got an eight o'clock class in the morning."

* * *

Poker face: the face that launched a thousand chips.

BOOK REVIEW

BY STAN SCHWARTZ

Dedicated to our Farm friends from Kentucky

OLD McDONALD HAD A FARM

By Angus McDonald

Written with a directness and simplicity of unusual style, Angus McDonald's narrative of his father's struggles as a farmer and preacher in Oklahoma, is an honest and graphic piece of work. It is a saga of Okies, who, unlike the many other Okies, stayed home and made good.

Angus always refers to his father as the "Old Man," but it soon becomes evident that no disrespect is intended.

His is the story of a preacher who preached for years on end to his farmer congregation on the necessity of farming according to the approved methods of soil conservation. He tried to impress upon them the reason why their land was gradually becoming worthless and also the methods of correcting this condition. After many years of preaching, to no avail, he decided to prove his point by farming a piece of hilly land, and demonstrate the features of good farming to his congregation.

The farm itself had little to recommend. The soil was poor and the ground was rocky. The comments of the neighbors were discouraging, but McDonald did not heed them. He fought drought, dust and the devil with equal initiative. He believed that the Lord looked with favor on the hard working

farmer. He sermoned that the Lord would smile when he saw the smoke-house full, but when He saw a man sitting around wearing out the seat of his pants, He would be angry.

With this philosophy directing the family, every member had his or her job to do. The "Old Man" saw to it; both through his example and what amounted to dictatorship. Angus and the hired man helped McDonald; the younger boys did the light chores and the daughter helped her mother with her work. McDonald with all his religious leanings would blow up occasionally; and there was no doubt about who was boss on the farm. Mrs. McDonald was tractable enough; but when on one occasion she put her foot down, even the old man could not budge her. She came to her daughter's defense when her husband tried to make her continue to ride a horse side-saddle. No decent girl rides to church wearing breeches and riding — astrides. Mrs. McDonald won the argument hands down.

As a preacher, the old man looked after a few churches regularly. His stipend helped him finance the farm. He knew the name of every man, woman and child in the county. The women liked him because he complimented

their cooking. He commanded the respect of the community, and every one stood a little in awe of him. Even the roundies who tried to break up a church service quailed before his religious wrath.

After three years of back- and heart-breaking toil, the farm finally became productively profitable. McDonald had proven his fact. It was worth it all.

His book would be of especial interest to agricultural students because of the descriptions of farm life, its joys and sorrows; and the author's descriptions of the workings on the farm; and the few added "tricks of the trade" thru it.

Those plain chronicles of one

family's struggle for a living from the soil should prove a tonic to those who are not optimistic as to the essential soundness of American character. The story is by no means a drab one, nor does any incident in it appear to have been made pretty.

The author does not ask his reader to like his father, but he succeeds in making a memorable portrait of a man who is very worth while knowing. To read the book is to understand a little better the meaning of American democracy and to approve the old man's principle of "work hard, spend little and don't put on high hatted airs."



FACTS 'N FIGURES

BY RAY SOLOMON

The countless number of plant life, some infinitesimally small and others several feet in length, that inhabit the streams, ponds, rivers, and their environs, are important to our modern high-gearred life. (Agriculture, textile industry, food, medicines, tanning, photography, and cosmetics.)

Along the Bayous of the Mississippi River grow huge trees of numerous species heavily laden with moss. In the hot and humid climate, the mosses average five inches in length, and it is quite common to find strands that have attained a length of twenty feet.

It is along these meanders that entire families labor from dawn to dusk harvesting the green algae. A man can pick one-half ton per day and average approximately

fifty dollars per month.

After picking, the algae is dumped into the bayou water and left to soak for one week. Then it is stretched in beds for curing. Six weeks later it has acquired a streaked-yellow color. Buckets of bayou water are poured on the thoroughly dried moss and a scorching heat is produced. It is now hung to dry for one or two days, after which time it is sold to a ginnery for about five and a half cents per pound. In the ginnery it is bailed and all twigs and extraneous materials are combed out. The gin sells the end product to furniture and automobile companies for twelve cents per pound. The finest chair down is made of this material found along the still waters of Louisiana, and Mississippi.

ALUMNI COLUMN

BY JOACHIM WEIS



Once again, for the forty-third time to be exact, our Alma Mater has sent her sons out into life to prove to themselves and their fellow beings that Farm School not only made them realistic and ambitious tillers of the soil, but also made them mature men; they who were considered "scrimy mutts" three years ago write furrows into the soil now and broadcast seed to become food. They are helping their fellow men and their country, when they are needed most. I am sure they will make their Alma Mater proud of her "men." This knowledge will console us, who are a bit sad about the big breach that our friends left in the Farm School Family. They are all out on farms now; every and each of the 22 "43rs," working as hard as they drove through the football lines.

"Captain Glitz" Goldfarb is taking care of 8,000 chicks and pullets on a poultry breeding farm near Lakewood, N. J., together with his

room-mate "Hendrickio" Hendricks. Murray Resnick, who incidentally is corresponding secretary for the class, also takes care of a couple of thousand layers and chicks on a Long Island Farm. "Rebel" Schwartz is on a fifty-acre farm with 4,000 birds. He seems to have been drafted, though, according to latest reports. Orner is boss of a thirty-acre place in New Jersey, with two cows, 2,000 broilers and 750 pullets. Poultry's one-year student, "Studs" Stahursky, intends to enter Penn State. Johnny Evans, to balance the poultry department's influence, is on a big farm near home (Gwynned Valley)—100 acres, 400 chicks and, believe it or not, a 100 cows. Some of the "Hort slaves" are in Vineland. Harry Paul and "Hanza" Heller work by the hour on a truck and orchard farm and "Ugh" Molluck takes care of seventy-five acres of vegetables down there. Abe Cohen lives and works on 150 acres of field and truck crops with thirty cows and lots of big machinery. He'll get plenty of "chances" up there in Rochester, New York. Otmar Silberstein also is up around there on a similar establishment. Twenty cows and lots of peas and beans will keep him company (in an exasperating sort of way).

Uri Schoenbach is the biggest farmer of them all with 600 acres

of field and vegetable crops, twenty cows, a registered bull, seven horses, sheep, pigs, and even a bee hive on his hands in Mt. Morris, New York. He'll be busy as a bee alright and let's hope as successful. His colleague "Herd Sire" Windholz also has large scale ambitions on a 300-acre farm near Baltimore, Md. He is the big boss in the dairy, —over eighty milking cows, fifteen heifers, two bulls, and six men to help him take care of it all. "Little Dean" Stein is there with him managing 350 acres of field crops including thirty acres of potatoes. "Sechel" Weiser thought it worthwhile to spend another year here in School as a Post Graduate, and he is trying his best to become a good herdsman down in the dairy. "Chin" Nickel is testing twenty-five herds down in Maryland, and Kurt Loser works with a purebred herd of ninety Jerseys near Lambertville. (Incidentally our own little Jersey Bull "Sultan" came from that very same farm.)

"Saint de Groff" also works down around there (Davisville). He is taking good care of steers and pigs and such, and also two beautiful, neighborly maidens. His room-mate "farmer" Eder works on his eighty-acre farm with "dad" growing potatoes, carrots, tomatoes, and onions, and raising 300 chicks and a little black goat. "Jimmy" Charleworth is another member of the Lambertville "community" and works on a seventy-five acre place, where field crops, livestock, perennials (even lilies), and a daughter who is "just right" are raised. Last but not least is Moe

Lipelis, who moved down to the 800 acres of Rutgers University to combine farm work with scientific study in evenings courses. It was rumored though that he returned to his farm back home in Wisconsin. Good Luck to all of you.

The Class of '42 seems to be very faithful and attached to the School. Several of their members returned or stayed on and are building a little family of their own here. "Hoim" Wilensky is in charge of the Greenhouses; "Josh" Feldstein stays in the shop and Kincaid with the cows, both as assistant instructors.; also, "Walt" Yaniak and "Lenny" Dansky both returned from their jobs out on farms to help manage the Hort and G. A. Departments respectively.

Here are a few bits of news about some more "42rs": Bilsky is somewhere overseas now; Merrit Schultheis is training in South Carolina to be a tough Marine; Primazon is the toughest of them all; he is being made a commando down in Florida.

Recently one of the oldest alumni paid a short visit to his Alma Mater which he had not seen in thirty years; Ben H. Lenik (Grad. 1906) convinced us that our school is a paradise compared to what he had to put up with. Those were the good old days when they had a couple of cows in the killing pen, and Mr. Washburn ate the morning cereal even if there was a little worm in it. They weren't spoiled nor very proud those days. Lenik has a 150-acre farm out in Vermontville, Mich., with cows and pigs and chickens and a big family.

CAMPUS NEWS

FARM SCHOOL'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE FOOD PRODUCTION PROGRAM

Although the Farm Security Administration has been operating in our midst for over two months now, few of us really know its history and its work. We are living with the men here who are sponsored by the F. S. A., and it is therefore necessary to become acquainted with their background in order to be able to understand them better.

Most of the men have come from the hills of Kentucky, although a few come from West Virginia, too. All in all, more than 125 men have passed through our school's training during the past few months. Most of the men come from what the government calls "subsistence farms," which means that they hardly make enough to live on from their farms. They raised a small amount of vegetables on what land they could till, which was all consumed in the home. The income derived from sales of their products was practically nothing. Other men have left the mines of Kentucky to come up North and work on farms. Nearly all the men have left families behind, who will be taken care of later.

The work of these F. S. A. men has been generally satisfactory. Nearly all of them have secured jobs on farms in New Jersey, and the percentage of them who have returned to Kentucky is surprisingly low. Very few complaints

have been received from the employers of these men. They seem to be an intelligent lot — quick to learn, and have proven themselves capable of doing most any farm job.

This project of resettlement, which is conducted by the Farm Security Administration, is to continue indefinitely, and no one knows for exactly how long. Our government is interested in removing these men and their families from the poor land, which is rocky and lacks nutritive top soil. It is believed that this project will continue so long as there is a demand for farm labor in the North, and there is a supply to help fill this demand.

One may ask what happens to the land once these men leave it. The answer is simple: most of the men are tenant farmers, that is, live on rented land which belongs to richer landlords. Those of them who do own a stretch of land, find that it is worthwhile giving it up in place of a good farm job up here.

The families of these men are to be well taken care of. Once a man has accepted a job and is established, the government pays all expenses in transporting his family and belongings to the farm. In this way, whole families are resettled.

After the war, there will undoubtedly be many more problems, since there will be an over-supply

of labor, especially on the farm. However, many of these problems will be solved by various government agencies. The problems to be faced by those engaged in industry will be far greater in proportion. In the meantime, work will continue . . . and many thousands will find salvation through the efforts of the Farm Security Administration.

It might also be mentioned that other agencies are contributing to this program also. The U. S. Office of Education, the State Department of Public Instruction, is paying the costs of instruction; and the United States Employment Service is supervising the placement of the men.

VICTORY GARDENS

As a part of the nation-wide campaign for food production, The National Farm School, in cooperation with several big Philadelphia firms, has organized a series of lectures and movies on how to plant and raise a successful Victory Garden.

Mr. David M. Purmell and Dean W. O. Strong gave a series of talks in Philadelphia and Jenkintown on the proper methods people should observe in undertaking a Victory Garden. Their lectures were illustrated with motion pictures.

The public reaction was very favorable and many people came and asked for advice, presenting their various problems. Thousands have profited by those lectures. Let us hope the United States will count more than the twelve million

gardens Secretary of Agriculture Wickard has requested.

For the benefit of the people in those two cities, and their vicinity, model Victory Gardens will be planted this season under the auspices of The National Farm School. Those Gardens will help the people by showing them how to manage their gardens properly and thus prevent mistakes and waste.

Farm School students are proud of the service N. F. S. is rendering on the Farm Front.

FACULTY

After spending twelve years at the National Farm School, Mr. E. Webster, our former assistant G.A. Instructor, left us to go on a 200-acre farm near Reading, Pa.

In school he soon acquired a reputation as a potato grower and many of us will always remember those hot summer days when for endless hours he would sit on a tractor spraying the "spuds." In 1941 he helped accomplish the wonderful record of 560 bu. of potatoes per acre. Good-luck to you Mr. Webster.

At the same time we learn of the surprising departure of our excellent instructor in Farm Mechanics, Mr. C. Starche. Although he was in school only a short time, Mr. Starche built himself a remarkable reputation. His skill and ingenuity in mechanical problems enabled him to solve many complicated situations. With his departure we lose an able man and a helpful instructor. We thank you for what you have done during your all too short stay with us.

GRADUATION

The National Farm School celebrated its forty-third Commencement Exercises on March 21st in the Louchheim Auditorium. Twenty-two seniors graduated from the school and went out into the workaday world.

Dr. H. B. Allen presided at his last Commencement Exercises before leaving the school. Milton Eder and Abraham Cohen spoke as Salutatorian and Valedictorian, respectively. They both emphasized the need for intense effort by every senior in these desperate days.

The main Commencement Address was delivered by Dr. John A. Lester, of Doylestown, Executive Secretary of the Friends Council of Education. In a very brilliant speech, which created a steadily rising interest among the listeners, Dr. Lester showed how short human life is compared to the geological history of the world. Starting with the idea that man has very little time to live on earth, he pointed out the importance of mutual help and brotherhood.

"As farmers," said Dr. Lester, "you should practice the spirit of co-operation—the spirit of one for all and all for one."

Mr. L. W. Ingham spoke for the faculty and stressed the importance of a good reputation not only for themselves, but also for the school. Dr. Allen then presented the graduates with their diplomas.

Much credit must be given to the band which gave an excellent performance under the baton of Lieutenant J. Frankel and Jerry Groff.



BAND

Although three seniors have departed, the band is still in good shape and we hope to be more numerous with the addition of a few members from the new freshman class.

Everyone is welcome. No instruments are necessary, the band provides instruments, music, and lessons. We have vacant: 2 trombones, 2 trumpets, one saxophone, one baritone, an alto, and a clarinet. If you are interested in learning how to play any of these instruments, just come to our band meetings, which are held every Tuesday and Thursday evenings from 7 to 8 P.M. in Segal Hall.

Our band leader, Lieutenant Frankel, of Philadelphia, will be very glad to teach any one how to read and play music, without obligation or cost. Just come and play your favorite instrument. Learn how to play and enjoy yourself while learning.

LIBRARY

One of the most frequented buildings on our campus is our wonderful library. All the credit for our beautiful library goes to our librarian, Mrs. M. Maines. Since her arrival at The National Farm School, more than 400 books

have been acquired by the library without mentioning multitudes of pamphlets and magazines which have greatly enriched the shelves, thus permitting the students to obtain the latest information in any field of agriculture. We owe a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Maines for her efforts in procuring the wonderful set of the World's Series and the Encyclopedia Britannica. Every book received through her efforts is worthwhile being mentioned, but this would make a very long list.

Beside agricultural books, the library contains countless number of fictions, biographies, American and foreign literature. The use made of the books averages 90 per cent. The library is open to every one and each student and faculty member is welcome to make full use of it.

FORUM

Travelling along smoothly, the Forum has now gained cultural momentum, and has really shifted into high gear.

Fortified with increased membership, the Forum has been host to such guests as Miss Walike who spoke on the life of John James Audubon, and Mr. Claud Strong who presented an interesting program on personnel administration. We also had a rare treat in the person of Mr. Blanchard, F.S.A. director, who sang some beautiful renditions of old time favorites.

In addition to excellent discussions, the Forum has featured two fine films, one on the alcohol industry, the other on lumbering and its versatile products.

Ralph Cohen was chosen President of the Forum to build upon the fine foundation constructed by Otto Silberstein, the retiring President. It seems that we are heading for a fine season.

SENIOR FAREWELL DANCE

Contradicting the adage of "Haste makes waste," the Juniors accomplished the almost unbelievable by decorating the gym for a formal affair in only four nights and yet the dance was awarded compliments as being one of the most beautiful affairs ever held in Farm School.

The theme of the dance was "farewell" and that idea was the main decorative thought. The front gate, the symbol everyone of us remembers on entering and leaving Farm School, was built up in almost every detail to give the Seniors an impression they should never forget.

The decoration of the gym in itself was a highlight, but the band held our spotlight. The music supplied by Woody Travers and his orchestra is still mentioned when dances are recalled to memory.

For a moment, many of us thought the dance would turn out miserable in attendance for it was raining Saturday afternoon. The girls who were invited came nevertheless for they must have been prompted by their natural intuition. It seems they knew something good was in store for them. Jupiter Pluvius halted his torrents early in the evening and the girls attended in their beautiful gowns.

CLASS NEWS

SENIORS

Since the last issue of the Gleaner, many events have taken place in our class. Mr. Herman Silverman, who was asked to become our class advisor, has accepted and has already attended several class meetings.

We have lost three valuable boys, R. Herz, A. Goodman, and V. Rubin, who are now in Uncle Sam's army. Good luck to you boys.

Early in March, we held a special meeting at Mr. Silverman's house on the occasion of our President, Joe Milligan, leaving for the Naval Air Corps. He conducted this last meeting and we elected our officers for our Senior year. Jack Gurewitz was elected President, Dick Kustin, Vice President. T. Goldoftas and Victor Rubin were re-elected Treasurer and Secretary, respectively. The councilmen are Dick Raben, Seymour Freed, Jack Lieber and T. Goldoftas. Our new President presented Milligan with a military wristwatch as a gift from the class of '44.

On March 6, we put on the Senior Farewell Dance which was acclaimed a great success. The gym was decorated very beautifully and everyone enjoyed the week-end.

As our contribution to the Red Cross drive at School, our class donated \$10.00.

We, the members of the class of '44, are now Seniors, ready to take over the job the class of '43 held the past year. We appreciated their leadership and we believe we will

be able to continue the fine example they have set for us. We wish to all of them very good luck.

JUNIORS

When the Seniors marched out of Louchheim Auditorium, Alumni of The National Farm School, the members of the class of '45 became Juniors. To lead this class, the following men were elected to office: Stan Schwartz, president; Sam Posner, vice-president; Ray Solomon, secretary; Nathan Kanter, treasurer; Yonah Brown, Sid Weinhaus and Marty Lynn as councilmen.

Stan has been elected on the platform of unity with a greater "war effort" spirit among the members of the class. Since the present Senior class is small, the Juniors will help out the Seniors in all the departments and will assume responsibilities as student heads there. The Juniors also pledge to work to their utmost and help the school produce more food for the "War Effort."

Since we entered as freshmen, we have lost several members of our class. Al Holtzman, Saul Goldstein, Pinky Snyder, Sid Altman, and Seymour Mermelstein are serving in the armed forces and we extend to them the best of luck.

The Junior class wishes to extend to the Freshman class a very cordial welcome and to assist them in every way possible to orientate themselves in our school and to teach them certain skills not acquirable in classes.

PERSONALITIES

BY RALPH and PINKY

VICTOR "VIC" RUBIN

If you happen to hear someone calling "Rabbi," you will hear Vic respond in answer.

A creamery man at heart and dairy major to be, one will always be able to find Victor at the dairy washing buckets and cans or else scrubbing the floor. In between his mammaliary interests, Vic also can be found reading about daisies and pansies, and Floriculture in general.

Born at St. Johns, New Brunswick, Canada, Vic moved to Norristown because he heard there were some pretty girls there. But when he discovered that the population of that quaint village was 3,800, he was so stricken with grief that he came to Farm School in 1941 to forget his sorrow.

Vic's hobbies certainly run to extremes. From a very complacent stamp collecting and baseball watching, Vic's cold blooded interests are relieved when seeing a "more bloody, the better" hockey game.

As the Gleaner goes to press we must report that Vic has been inducted into Uncle Sam's Army. Good luck, Soldier!

Miscellaneous

Salt will never be on the ration books. The U. S. has an inexhaustable supply of salt. The world's largest salt mine in New York is 1,000 acres.

BERNARD "BERNIE" SILVERMAN

He first wiped Farm School's sweat from his brow in June, 1942. His handkerchief immediately caused a riot, being a blood red color. After being attacked by two bulls and five blinded students, "Bernie" reluctantly gave up the idea of using his old red flannels for handkerchiefs.

One of our "2-A" boys, Bernie is showing he deserved it by being one of the top ranking scholars and is especially appreciated by our own Mr. Schneider for his Chemistry and Botany accomplishments.

When he was seventeen years old at plowing time, 1941, Farm School became his obsession and our hard luck. But seriously, Bernie is a hard worker and a credit to this Unique Institution.

Horticulture will be honored with him as major in 1944. He is the only fellow in the freshmen class who knows a "leaf from a grasshopper" and he is a very willing teacher. Nature study and forestry take up a good deal of Bernie's time, but he still has time to plan on his orchard farm in Florida, where he hopes to experiment with Florida peaches.

Iodine

Iodine, when added to alfalfa-seed inoculant before it is added to the alfalfa seed, results in a remarkable improvement in growth of the plant.

DEPARTMENTS

HORTICULTURE

Thanks to the help we received from the F. S. A. men our pruning program has been completed on schedule and we have managed to prune more trees than in the past three or four years. All the brush has been removed from the orchards and burned.

We have started our season on time thanks to ideal weather and have planted at present in the fields cabbage, lettuce, peas, onions, beets, carrots. These plants were transplanted into the field after having started their growth in the greenhouse and the hot bed.

Our tomato, pepper, and egg plants, were planted in the hot bed early in April and we expect to have them in the field by the first week of May.

At the end of March, we inaugurated our spraying season by applying the initial spray to the peaches. For this dormant spray we used a Lime and Sulfur solution 1 to 11, to control the peach leaf curl and the San Jose scale.

The apples have also received their share. We used for the dormant spray di-nitro and oil. We have also applied the spray for pre-pink stage. All the fruit buds look very promising and we hope to have a heavy crop of peaches.

We have managed to sell all the Stayman apples we had in cold storage in Solebury. We have some Delicious, Romes and Yorks left, but we intend them for Roadside

market and kitchen use. The storage place was very satisfactory and the apples kept very well for sale.

The old small fruit patch was partly pulled out. Only the currants and the blackberries are left, the rest disked, cultivated and fertilized. Our orchards were also top dressed with Nitrate of Soda. The new vineyard was pruned, tied and fertilized.

The cabbage and beets we had in storage were shipped, the former to the kitchen and the latter to Philadelphia.

We expect to plant this year, several thousand plants of strawberries.

Our tractor and sprayer have been overhauled and are at present in excellent working condition.

We are heading for a hard year of work. We hope that the weather conditions will help us make this a successful season.

POULTRY

The Poultry department has accomplished much in the last few weeks. Many hatches of baby chicks have been removed from the incubator. The percentage of hatch-ability is rising constantly and we hope to equal pre-war records despite war difficulties.

The colony houses are being used by the newly hatched chicks. Our "Million dollar hen," the electric brooder, built for 1,200 chicks, is also being used now.

We are acquiring experience in making post mortem examinations of chickens, to be able to determine the causes of their deaths. The study of poultry diseases is an important factor in prevention of diseases. Other important work in the department has been testing for pullorum disease. After careful examination of the blood samples of each bird, two suspected chickens were eliminated. Thus our flock is clean of that disease.

Feed is hard to obtain this year. The chicks are fed now with feed from a different mill and receive a commercial mixture instead of our own. Turkeys and geese will be raised again this year.

We new poultry seniors are looking forward to the successful rearing of our baby chicks and we hope to have an interesting year of work and study.

GREENHOUSE

The newest crop in the greenhouse today, is, of course, the tomatoes. If you have visited the houses lately, you would have noticed how vigorously they're growing. They've been staked and tied already and the first flower clusters are in full bloom.

Up to the present time, 12,000 vegetable plants have been planted into 2-inch wooden bands. They are: cabbage, cauliflower, and lettuce.

The tender vegetable seeds have been sown, namely, tomatoes, peppers, and egg plants. The Department plans to grow 36,000 vegetable plants for spring sale.

Among the flowers still being grown, carnations lead the list. Sweet peas and calla lilies are also in full production.

Geraniums and hydrangeas are the pot plants for Easter and Mother's Day.

GENERAL AGRICULTURE

With Dick Raben as the Senior, the G. A. department is right up to date now and is heading towards a successful season.

The field opposite the Dean's house was planted in spring barley and alfalfa. The ground was well prepared and we expect to have an excellent crop of alfalfa. No. 7 was planted in strips of oats and wheat. Alfalfa and timothy was sown together with the oats, while red clover, alfalfa, and timothy were sown together with the wheat. The field below the big house has also wheat with the same mixture of hay.

No. 3 field was planted in potatoes, early Cobblers and Late Kathadins.

The department now has two capable assistants to Mr. Rothman. Mr. Wilkinson, who graduated in '38, was a Hort. Major and honor student. He is an outstanding worker and liked by everyone. During his five year absence from N. F. S. he acquired experience on G. A. and Hort. farms and knows his work well.

Mr. L. Dansky, '42 graduate is an efficient worker and a great help to the department.

There is no doubt that with those men helping the "boss" the department will always be in good shape.

EXCHANGE

BY V. RUBIN

STRIVE FOR UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

Brotherhood is the mutual understanding one person has for another. One of the principal objectives for fighting the war today is to restore this feeling of brotherhood throughout the world. The people of the conquered countries of Europe must feel that there is no such thing as a feeling of brotherhood, for they are starving to death while almost all the food is going to the Nazi soldiers. They are suffering for clothing and shelter as well.

Why do we have to have wars? Why do women and children have to starve, and men have to die on battlefields? Why? Because there is a lack of brotherhood among nations. Hitler, Mussolini, and Hirohito don't know and don't care how much human life this war is costing. They care only for their own selfish gains, and their only desire is to satisfy their greed and their lust for power.

We, the people of these United States, and allies, are making great sacrifices in men and materials to help the downtrodden people of the world so that all may have "peace on earth and good will toward men."

When the final battle has been won and peace restored, let us hope that we may be able to keep forever that peace. This can be accomplished only if all believe in the universal brotherhood of men.

—Scrippage



FARM ENTHUSIAST: "This is great weather—ought to make everything jump out of the ground."

FARMER: "I hope not. I've got two wives buried."

—*School Spirit, Bosse High*

* * *

A good trait to adopt in one's youth is promptness. Be prompt always. Make promptness a habit. It will pay you dividends in later life.

—*Boys Town Times*

Crude Enough

PVT.: "I know a good joke about crude oil."

SGT.: "Well, spring it."

PVT.: "I can't, it ain't refined."

* * *

FARMER: "My pigs are all sick and I don't know what to do."

CITY VISITOR: "Why don't you smoke them?"

FARMER: "Smoke them?"

CITY VISITOR: "Sure, isn't that the way you cure hogs?"

—Scrippage

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